

# Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee 89

*I have set the Lord always before me. Therefore my heart is glad. Psalm 16:8-9*

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;  
 2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find  
 3. O hope of ev - ery con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,  
 4. But what to those who find? Ah, this Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
 5. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;

But sweet - er far Thy face to see And in Thy pres - ence rest.  
 A sweet - er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav - ior of man - kind.  
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!  
 The love of Je - sus, what it is— None but His loved ones know.  
 Je - sus, be Thou our glo - ry now And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

TEXT: Attributed to Bernard of Clairvaux; translated by Edward Caswall  
 MUSIC: John B. Dykes

ST. AGNES  
 C.M.

# My Faith Has Found a Resting Place 528

*We who have believed enter that rest. Hebrews 4:3*

1. My faith has found a rest- ing place- Not in de- vice nor creed:  
 2. E - nough for me that Je - sus saves- This ends my fear and doubt;  
 3. My heart is lean - ing on the Word- The writ- ten Word of God:  
 4. My great Phy - si - cian heals the sick- The lost He came to save;

I trust the Ev - er - liv - ing One- His wounds for me shall plead.  
 A sin - ful soul, I come to Him- He'll nev - er cast me out.  
 Sal - va - tion by my Sav - ior's name, Sal - va - tion thro' His blood.  
 For me His pre - cious blood He shed- For me His life He gave.

*Refrain*

I need no oth - er ar - gu - ment, I need no oth - er plea;

It is e - nough that Je - sus died, And that He died for me.

TEXT: Lidie H. Edmunds  
 MUSIC: Norwegian Folk melody; arranged by William J. Kirkpatrick


LANDAS  
 C.M. with Refrain

# Lord, Dismiss Us with Thy Blessing 237

*May Your blessing be on Your people. Psalm 3:8*



1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace.  
2. Thanks we give and ad - o - ra - tion For Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound;



Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace.  
May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound.



O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav - eling thro' this wil - der - ness.  
Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er faith - ful To Thy truth may we be found.

TEXT: John Fawcett, altered  
MUSIC: Tattersall's *Psalmody*, 1794

SICILIAN MARINERS  
8.7.8.7.8.7.